This is a transcript of Beaumont & Fletcher's Comedy entitled
The Woman's Prize; or the Tamer tam'd. — Vol. 6

Actus Primus

Scena 1ma

Enter Moroso, Sophocles, Tranio, as from a wedding.

Moroso. Heauen giue em ioy.

Tran: Amen.

Sopho. Amen say I too.
The puddings now ith' proofe, alas poore wench
through what a myre of patience must thou worke
ere thou knowst good houre more.

Tran: 'Tis too true, certaine,
me thinks her father has dealt harshly with her,
exceeding harshly, and not like a father,
to match her to this dragon, I protest
I pitty the poore gentlewoman.

Moro. Me thincks now
hee's not so terrible as people thinck him.

Sopho. This old theefe flatters out of meere deuotion
to please the father for his second daughter.

Tran. But shall he haue her.

Soph. Yes, when I haue Rome,
and yet the father's for him.

Moro. Ile assure ye
I hold him a good man.

Soph. Yes sure a wealthie,
but whether a good womans man is doubtfull.

Tra. Would 'twere no worse.

Moro. What though his other wife,
out of her most abundant stubbornes,
out of her dayly hue and cryes vpon him,
(for sure she was a rebell) turn'd his temper,